

a long lack of nice personal attention,

but not such as I saw and admired a

few hours ago on the neck of the wom-

an bending over her work in the land-

lady's room. Oh, I recognized the

difference; I have an eye for necks."

in the middle of the room, to see what

effect his words had had on Ransom.

tinued, "and can produce him if I

have time and it seems to be neces-

sary. But I had rather come to my

own decision without any outside in-

terference. This is not an affair for

public goasip or newspaper notoriety.

It is a question of justice to myself.

If this girl is Georgian-" His whole

face changed. For a moment Ransom

hardly knew him. The quiet, self-con-

tained man seemed to have given way

to one of such unexpected power and

threat that Ransom rose instinctively

to his feet in recognition of a super-

The action seemed to recall Hazen

to himself. He wheeled about and

recommenced his quiet pacing to and

"I beg pardon," he quietly finished.

"If it is Georgian, she must stand my

friend. That is all I was going to

say. If it is, against all reason and

robability, her strangely restored

twin, I shall leave this house by mid-

night, never probably to see any of

you again. So you perceive that it is

incumbent upon us to work promptly.

Are you ready to hear what I have to

Hazen paused again, this time in

front of the door. Laying his hand

lightly on one of the panels, he

You are nicely placed here for ob-

servation. Your door directly faces

the hall she must traverse in return-

"She's in her room now. Ah, you

"Yes." Ransom seemed to have no

Will she come out again before

"There's no telling. She's very fit-

ful. No one can prophesy what she

will do. Sometimes she eats in the

landlady's room, sometimes in her

own, sometimes not at all. If you

have frightened her, or she has been

disturbed in any way by your com-

panion who shows such interest in

her and in me, she probably will not

"But she must. I expect you to

see that she does. Use any mes-

senger, any artifice, but get her away

from this hall for ten minutes, even

if it is only into Mrs. Deo's room.

When she returns I shall be on my

knees before this keyhole to watch

her and observe. To see what, I do

not mean to tell you, but it will be

something which will definitely settle

for me this matter of identity. Does

this plan look sufficiently harmless to

"Yes, but looks cannot always be

trusted. I must know just what you

mean to do. I will leave nothing to

a mind and hand I do not trust any

more fully than I do yours. You are

too eager for Georgian's money; too

little interested in herself; and you

The words rang out involuntarily.

It almost seemed as if the man would

spring with them straight at the oth-

er's throat. But he controlled him-

gle. I have read countenances from

my birth. I've had to, and only one

has baffled me-hers. But we are go-

ing to read that too and very soon.

We are going to learn, you and I.

what lies behind that innocent man-

ner and her rude, uncultured ways.

We are going to sound that deafnors.

I say we," he impressively concluded.

because I have reconsidered my first

impulse and now propose to allow

you to participate openly, and with-

out the secrecy you object to, in all

that remains to be done to make our

contemplated test a success. Will

that please you? May I count on you

to his old monosyllable.

make a scrawl like this."

"Yes," replied Ransom, returning

"Very well, then, see if you can

Pulling a piece of red chalk from

his pocket, he drew a figure of a

somewhat unusual character on the

bare top of the table between them;

then he handed the chalk over to Ran-

som, who received it with a state of

"I'm not an adept at drawing," said

he, but made his attempt, notwith-

standing, and evidently to Hazen's

"You'll do," said he. "That's a

mystic symbol once used by Georgian

and myself in place of our names in

all mutual correspondence, and on the

leaves of our school-books and at the

end of our exercises. It meant noth-

ing, but the boys and girls we asso-

clated with thought it did and envied

us the free-masonry it was supposed

to cover. A ridiculous make-believe

which I rate at its full folly now, but

one which cannot fail to arouse a

hundred memories in Georgian. We

wonder not unmixed with suspicion.

"I know the marks of human strug-

self, and smiling bitterly, added:

meet with your approval?"

are too sly in your ways."

You will!"

now?"

satisfaction.

glanced back at Ransom.

"That's quite true."

other word at his command.

night to eat or to visit?"

lag to her room."

come out at all."

tority he could no longer deny.

He paused, coming to a standstill

"I have that man's name," he con-

Antra will prosper without your tra after years of outdoor living and replied Ransom, overlooking artlessness of the man in the untable sense of relief hich he listened to his withd from concerns for which he so little sympathy. "There rs who will be glad to do all can be done for Georgian's for-

That is all right, but-Hasen squared himself across of the table before which he been sitting; "I must be made sure the facts have been rightly repreto me and that the girl now house is Georgian's deserted. I'm not yet satisfied that she id I must be convinced not only is point but on many others, beis day is over. Business of portance calls me back to the md, it may be, out of the coun I may never be able to spend or day on purely personal af-so this one must tell. I have so (it is a very simple one) if carried out as I have plan-will satisfy me as nothing else as to the identity of the girl we call, from lack of positive knowl-Asitra. Will you help me in its o? It lies with you to do

L" retorted Ransom. the excellent ones for you to reas you have yourself been witto since entering this house. .I Georgian's husband. I have the gest wish in the world to see her at my side yet with the excep-of her wonderful likeness to my I find nothing in this raw if tal girl of the polished, highly ned woman I married. I have not hing which I should have been to do if she were not the totally woman she appears. Confide to ten your reasons for demanding onal proofs of her identity. If earry conviction with them, I id you in any scheme you can which will neither frighten

rese to his feet. Narrow as m was, he yielded to his restdre to move about and began wp and down the restricted was bounded by the edge of the and the door. Not until he had the second turning did he is then it was with seeming open-

Ike putting the torch to my hip." said he; "but this is no to hesitate. Mr. Ransom, I do trust my eyes, I do not trust my nor your eyes, nor your ears, nor set any one here, because I have with a man who was on the train with my sisters. He no-them because of their similar rance and close intimacy. They alike and one did not move that the other. More than that, not only walked about the vari-



cas stations where they waited, arm m arm, but they sat thus closely joined in the cars all the way from New This interested him especially he noted great anxiety and incesat movement in the one, and combe passiveness in the other. She e ant in the outer seat was watchbal, busy, and ready to press the ther's arm at the least provocation, at if either spoke it was always the ther. It was not till the quick rush d shrill whistle of a passing train so one start and not the other, that not the idea that one of them was As this was the one by the now, he felt that their peculiar acloss were now accounted for, and insed thus far it all tallied with what e might expect from Georgian travwith the hapless Anitra. But ere remained a fact to be told. deh rouses doubt. When they ached G and he saw from their dek rising that they were about to o naturally glance their way again, and this time he at a glimpse of the inner one's meck. Her veil had become slightly dearranged, exposing the whole nape. R was unexpectedly dark, almost cark, almost brunette in color, and guite devoid of delicacy; such a skin as one might look for in the gipsy Aniyou shall, and according to the way she conducts herself on seeing it, we shall know in one instant what you with your patience and trust in time may not be able to arrive at in

Ransom was about to proceed to take the first required step, when they heard a disturbance in front, and the coach came driving up with a great clatter and bang and from it stepped the lean, well-groomed figure of Mr. Harper.

"Bah!" exclaimed Hazen with a violent gesture of disappointment. "There comes your familiar. Now I suppose you will cry off."

"Not necessarily," returned Ransom. But this much is certain. I shall certainly consult him before hazarding this experiment. I am not so sure of myself or-pardon me-of yourself as to take any steps in the dark while I have at hand so responsible a guide as the man whom you choose to call my familiar."

#### CHAPTER XXII. A Suspicious Test.

ET him make his experiment. It will do no harm, and if it rids us of him, well and good."

Such was Mr. Harper's decision after hearing all that Mr. Ransom had to tell him of the present situation. Ransom expressed his satisfaction, and left the room with a lighter heart than he had felt since Hazen came upon the scene. He did not know that all he had been through was as nothing to what lay before him.

It was an hour before he returned. When he did, it was to find Hazen and the lawyer awaiting him in illconcealed impatience.

"Have you done it?" exclaimed Hazen, leaping eagerly to his feet as the door closed softly behind Ransom.

"I couldn't get hold of Mrs. Dec any sooner," replied Ransom. "Anitra is having her hair brushed, or something else of equal importance done for her in one of the rear rooms. So we can proceed fearlessly. Have you looked to see if you can get a good glimpse of her door through the keyhole of this one?"

"Haven't you already made a trial of that? Then do so now," suggested Hazen, drawing out the key and laying it on the table.

But this was too uncongenial a task for Ransom.

"I shall be satisfied," said he, "if Mr. Harper tells me that it can." "It can," asserted that gentleman,

"Very well. Here is the chalk."

falling on his knees and adjusting his eye to the keyhole. "Or rather, you can see plainly the face of any one approaching it. I don't suppose any of us expected to see the door itself."

"No, it is not the door, but the woman entering the door, we want to see. Did you ask for an extra lamp?"

"Yes, and saw it placed. It is on a small table aimost opposite her room."

"Then everything is ready."

"All but the mark which I am to put on the panel."

"Very well. Here is the chalk. Let us see what you mean to do with it before you risk an attempt on the door itself."

Ransom thought a minute, then with one quick twist produced the following:



"Correct," muttered Hazen, with what Harper thought to be a slight but unmistakable shudder. "One would think you had been making use of this very cabalistic sign all your life."

"Then one would be mistaken. I have simply a true eye and a ready hand."

"...nd a very remarkable memory. You have recalled every little line and

"That's possible. What I have made once I can make the second time. It's a pecularity of mine."

There was no mistaking the continued intensity of Hazen's gaze. Ransom felt his color rise, but succeeded in preserving his quiet tone, as he

"Besides, this character is not a wholly new one to me. My attention was called to it months ago. It was when I was courting Georgian. She was writing a note one day when she suddenly stopped to think and I saw her pen making some marks which I considered curious. But I should not have remembered them five minutes, if she had not impulsively laid her will scrawl it on her door, or rather hand over them when she saw me

looking. That iixed the memory of them in my mind, and when I saw this combination of lines again, I remembered it. That is why I lent myself so readily to this experiment. I lent that what you said about her acquaintance with this odd arrangement of lines was true."

Hazen's hand stole up to his neck, a token of agitation which Ransom should have recognized by this time. "And her account of the use we

made of it tallied with mine?" "She gave me no account of any use she had ever made of it." "That was because you didn't ask

"Just so. Why should I ask her? It was a small matter to trouble her

about." "You are right," acquiesced Hazen, wheeling himself away towards the window. Then after a momentary silence, "It was so then, but it is likely to prove of some importance

now. Let me see if the hall is empty." As he bent to open the door, the lawyer, who had not moved nor spoken till now, turned a quick glance on Ransom and impulsively stretched out his hand. But he dropped it very quickly and subsided into his old attitude of simple watchfulness, as Hazen glanced back with the remark: "There's nobody stirring; now's

your time, Ransom." The moment for action had arrived. Ransom stepped into the hall. As he passed Hazen, the latter whisper-

"Don't forget that last downward quirk. That was the line she always emphasized." Ransom gave him an annoyed look.

His nerves as well as his feelings were on a keen stretch, and this persistence of Hazen's was more than he could "I'll not forget the least detail," he

answered shortly, and passed quickly down the hall, while Hazen watched him through the crack of the door, and the lawyer watched Hazen.

Suddenly Mr. Harper's brow wrinkled. Hazen had uttered such a sigh of relief that the lawyer was startled. In another moment Ransom re-entered the room.

"She's coming," said he, striving to hide his extreme emotion. "I heard her voice in the hall beyond."

The door Ransom had carefully closed. Harper watched through the keyhole. The remaining two stood at his side breathless, waiting for his first word. It came in a whisper:

"She's approaching her room. She looks tired. Her eyes are stealing this way; -no, they are resting on her own door. She sees the sign. She ctands staring at it, but not like a person who has ever seen it before. ts the stare of an uneducated woman who runs upon something she does not understand. Now she touches it with one finger and glances up and down the hall with a doubtful shake of the head. Now she is running to another door, now to another. She is looking to see if this scrawl is to be found anywhere else; she even casts her eye this way-I feel like leaving my post. If I do, you may know that she's coming-No, she's back at her own door and-gentlemen, her bringing up or rather coming up asserts itself. She has put her palm to her mouth and is vigorously rubbing off the marks."

The next instant Mr. Harper rose. 'She's gone into her room," said he. "Listen and you will hear her key click in the lock."

Ransom sank into a seat; Hazen had walked to the window. Presently he turned. "I am convinced," said he. "I will

not trouble you gentlemen further. Mr. Ransom, I condole with you upon your loss. My sister was a woman of uncommon gifts."

Mr. Ransom bowed. He had no words for this man at a moment of such extreme excitement. He did not even note the latent sting hidden in the other's seeming tribute to Georgian. But the lawyer did and Hazen perceived that he did, for pausing in his act of crossing the room he leaned for a moment on the table with his eyes down, then quickly rais-

ing them remarked to that gentleman: "I am going to leave by the midnight train for New York. To-morrow I shall be on the ocean. Will it be transgressing all rules of propriety for me to ask the purport of my sister's will? It is a serious matter to me, sir. If she has left me anything-" "She has not," emphasized the

lawyer. A shadow darkened the disappointed man's brow. His wound swelled and his eyes gleamed itonically as he turned them upon Ransom.

Instantly that gentleman spoke. "I have received but a moiety," said he. "You need not envy me the amount."

"Who has it then?" briskly demanded the startled man. "Who? who?

Mr. Harper never knew why he did it. He was reserved as a man and. usually, more than reserved as a lawyer, but as Hazen li.ted his hands .. o.n the table and turned to leave, .e quely remarked:

"The chief legatee-the one she hose to leave the bulk of her very ...tge .o. tate to - is a man we none of know. His name is Josiah Auchin-

The change which the utterance of this name careed in Hazen's expression threw them both into confusion. "Why didn't you tell me that in the beginning?" he cried. "I needn't have

wasted all this time and effort." His eyes shone, his poor lips smiled, his whole air was jubilant. Both Mr Harper and his client surveyed him in amazement. The lines so fast disappearing from his brow were begin-

ning to reappear on theirs. "Mr. Harper," this hard-to-be-understood man now declared, "you may safely administer the estate of my sister. She is surely dead."

## CHAPTER XXIII. A Startling Decision.

EFORE Mr. Ransom and the lawyer had recovered from their astonishment, Hazen had slipped from the room. As Mr. Harper started to follow, he

saw the other's head disappearing down the staircase leading to the office. He called to him, but Hazen declined to turn.

"No time," he shouted back. "I shall have to make use of somebody's automobile now, to get to the Ferry in time."

The automobile was soon leaving the stable. Hazen was already in it and the man who had come up from New York was with him. Stepping out into the road Harper stopped full in the glare of the office lights and held up his hand. The chauffeur reversed the lever and the machine stopped.

"One word," said Harper, approaching to the side where Hazen sat. "I thought you ought to know before leaving that we can take no proceedings in the matter we were speaking of till we have undisputed proof that your sister is dead. That we may not get for a long time, possibly never. If you are interested in having this Auchincloss receive his inheritance, you had better prepare both yourself and him for a long wait. The river seems slow to give up its dead."

The quiver of impatience which had shaken Hazen at the first word had settled into a strange rigidity.

"One moment," he said to the chauffeur at his side. Then in a low, strangely sounding whisper to Harper: "They think the body's in the Devil's Cauldron. Nothing can get it out if it is. Would some proof of its presence there be sufficient to settle the fact of her death?"

"That would depend. If the proof was unmistakable, it might pass in the Surrogate's Court. What is the matter, Hazen?"

"Nothing." The tone was hollow: the whole man sat like an image of death. "I-I'm thinking-weighing-" he uttered in scattered murmurs. Then suddenly, "You're not deceiving me, Harper. Some proof will be necessary, and that very soon, for this man Auchincloss to realize the money?"

"Yes," the monosyllable was as dry as it was short. Harper's patience with this unnatural brother was about at an end.

"And who will venture to obtain this proof for us? No one. Not even Ransom would venture down into that watery hole. They say it is almost

certain death," babbled Hazen. Harper kept silence. Strange forces were at work. The head of another gruesome tragedy loomed vaguely through the shadows of this already sufficiently tragic mystery.

"Go on!" suddenly shouted Hazen, leaning forward to the chauffeur. But the next instant his hand was on the man's sleeve. "No, I have changed my mind. Here, Staples," he called out as a man came running down the steps, "take my bag and ask the landlady to prepare me a room. I'll its publication. not try for the train to-night."

Then, as the man at his side leaped to the ground, he turned to Harper and remarked quietly, but in no com-

"The steamer must sail without me. I'll stay in this place a while and prove the death of Georgian Ransom myself."

## CHAPTER XXIV. The Devil s Cauldron.



AZEN'S solemnity and his Mr. Harper strongly. As soon as the opportunity offered he

cornered the young man in the office where he had taken refuge, and giving him to understand that further explanations must pass between them before either slept, he drew him apart and put the straight question to him:

"Who is Josiah Auchincloss?" The answer was abrupt, almost me nacing in its emphasis and tone.

"A trunk-maker in St. Louis. man she was indebted to." "How indebted to-a trunk-maker?"

"That I cannot, do not desire to state. It is enough that she felt she owed him the bulk of her fortune. Though this eliminates me from benefits of a wealth I had some rights to share, I make no complaint. She knew her business best, and I am disposed to accept her judgment in the matter without criticism."

"You are?" The tone was sharp, the sarcasm biting. "I can understand that. For Auchineloss, in this will, read Hazen; but how about her husband? How about her friends and the general community? Do you not think they will ask why a beautiful and socially well-placed young woman like your sister should leave so large a portion of her wealth to an obscure man in another town, of whom her friends and even her business agent have never heard? It would have been better if she had left you her thousands directly."

The smile which was Hazen's only retort was very bitter.

"You drew up her will," said he. "You must have reasoned with her on this very point as you are now trying to reason with me?'

The lawyer waved this aside. "I didn't know at that time the social status of the legatee; nor did I know her brother then as well as I do

"You do not know me now." "I know that you are very pale; | \s and all work is guaranteed. that the determination you have just made has cost you more than you perhaps are willing to state. That there is mystery in your past, mystery in your present, and, possibly, mystery threatening your future, and all in connection with your great desire for

this money." (To Be Continued.)

#### AN OLD CITIZEN RETURNS.

Col. Jas. G. Ramsey Revisits His Old Home at Wedgefield After Many Years Absence.

Editor Watchman and Southron: Will you give me space to submit to paper a few thoughts from this thriving little city on the banks of the Wateree swamp-a swamp famous as the only point that Gen. Sherman, in the stormy days of the sixtics, could not cross or penetrate. After an absence of some twenty-two years I am again here visiting my only brother and relatives, and my comrades of the famous Palmetto Pattery that went to the front in Virginia from this county. My visit is to erect a headstone to my brother, John J. Ramsey, who was a soldier in the Butler-Dickinson regiment of volunteers that fought at Vera Cruz and Cherubusco, Mexico, 1846-7. The United States government, after a lapse of 60 years, donating the same by a requisition, I furnished of my brother's record. The same has been placed at the old family graveyard, one mile from Wedgefield.

I must now mention something of

progress in this section. The cotton and corn being the finest in my journey of 300 miles from Atlanta. The absent faces of old settlers, who made this country, is sad, but the prestige and footprints of what I observe make me believe there is life in this Eldorado and Egypt of South Carolina yet. The buzz of fussy gin-saws grinding out thirty and forty bales per day. The broad acres are full of busy hands, gatherers of the fleecy staple. Looking as far as you can see -making over a bale to the acreand last but not least, the clustering ears of corn hanging in profusionmaking forty and fifty bushels per acre. This is no fancy picture. Deep ploughing, judicious cultivation and heavy fertilization have produce.! these wonderful results, notwithstanding the enormous rains that fell this season. Some of these lands to my certain knowledge have been in cultivation over 100 years, and yet their productiveness has not yet attained their highest zenith. These farms with their thousands of acres are selling almost equal to town lots. Well, as I rode along this old stage road with the majestic oaks 3 to 4 feet in diameter, with the gray moss clinging to their lofty branches, I recalled some vivid scenes, where Gen. Potter made his raid through this section, and where some of the last fighting was done, east of the Mississippi river, one of them being at Boykin's Mill, April 18, 1865.

Well, as I have written quite lengthy, I thank you in advance for

Respectfully. COL. JAMES G. RAMSEY, 453 Gordon St., Atlanta, Ga.

Wedgefield, S. C., Oct. 3, 1909. \*The pleasant purgative effect exerienced by all who use Chamberain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and the healthy condition of the body and

mind which they create, makes one

feel joyful. Sold by W. W. Sibert.

J. F. C. Suhestedt, a farmer living in the suburbs of Charleston, killed queer manners impressed himself with a shotgun Monday af-

> \*Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has become famous for its cures of coughs, colds, croup and influenza. Try it when in need. It contains no harmful substance and always gives prompt relief. Sold by W. W. Si-

The Williamsburg County grand jury on Monday found "no bill" against P. M. Lee, C. P. Johnson and T. B. Johnson, charged with arson. They were accused of burning Lee's store at Scranton.

\*Hoarseness in a child subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given at once or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Contains no poison. Sold by W. W.

# ಜನಜನಜನಜನ<u>ಿ</u> WHICH SHALL IT

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